

Bisbee and Warren District SOCIETY



The Department of Household Economics of the Y. M. C. A. held their regular session in Warren last Wednesday.

Mrs. T. L. Houston left Wednesday evening for Los Angeles, where Mr. Houston will join her July 5 for his vacation.

Pearl Chapter No. 6 Order of the Eastern Star will conduct the initiation of a new class next Tuesday evening at 7:30. At the close of the initiation, which will close the regular work for the summer, a banquet will be served and a musical program rendered.

Mrs. John W. Ross entertained the members of the Round Dozen Club at an all-day session at her home in Warren last Tuesday. A delightful luncheon was served and all the ladies who attended enjoyed a very pleasant time as Mrs. Ross's guests.

The "Bugs" and the "Worms," the two junior societies of the Y. M. C. A., gave a party last Wednesday evening in honor of their Director Mr. Thomas Booz, who left yesterday for the Panama. During the course of the evening the boys presented Mr. Booz with a pair of cuff links, the clasp and clasp pin, as a mark of their appreciation of his efforts in their behalf during his stay in Bisbee.

The Blue Lodge of the Masonic Fraternity will entertain the Eastern Star and the Masons next Wednesday evening at eight o'clock in honor of St. John's Day. The festivities will take the form of a banquet and musical program. It is to be taken for granted that the affair will be a great success in every way as the committee in charge are making elaborate preparations for the entertainment of their guests.

Mrs. Walter Thomas entertained in a very pleasant fashion at her home at No. 2 Alta Vista on Thursday evening. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sandner, Mr. Jack Metcalf of the City of Mexico, Mr. Scholl of Bingham, Utah, Miss Dauterbach, Mrs. A. T. Hoy, and Miss Catherine Hoy.

Mrs. Thomas served a delicious luncheon consisting of salad, olive crackers, cake, candy, nuts and punch, and all her guests were made to appreciate very thoroughly her ability as a hostess.

The new dates selected for the two performances of Plutarch, by Bisbee local talent are Saturday and Monday—July 18 and 20. All canvassers tickets for the dates of June 29 and 30 will be good for the later dates.

Everything is being pushed ahead by the management in splendid shape and the regular rehearsals on Monday and Friday evenings at the Y. M. C. A. are drawing in attendance and enthusiasm.

The special new scenery that has been painted expressly for these on-



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EVERYBODY in the family will enjoy these dainty, toasty **WASHINGTON CRISPS**—golden brown and appetizing. And the household gets the wholesome nourishment of selected white corn in its most easily digested form.

Let me send home this big package—you will find these **WASHINGTON CRISPS** a treat and a good sensible food, too.

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10c. The best value in the grocery store today 10c.

terialments by one of the best decorators of Chicago will arrive next week.

This attractive stage setting will be nautilically correct and shows the deck of an ancient British man-of-war at day and night in Portsmouth harbor, England. About 40 people will take part in the play.

An event that looms big in the minds of the little people just at this particular time is the union picnic of all the Sunday schools of the Warren District, which will be held next Wednesday at Lewis Springs.

Those of us who can remember as far back as our Sunday School days can recall very clearly just how it was. In that far-gone period of our life the year was divided up into two approximately equal parts—the time when we were waiting for Christmas and the time when we were waiting for the annual Sunday school picnic. And, oh, it was such a long time to wait for either of these, two great events. In the case of the Sunday school picnic, too, there was always an overshadowing terror in our minds that maybe it would rain on the great day, and then perhaps the mamma or grandma or big sister that was taking us would cravenly declare that we couldn't go at all because, forsooth, we might get wet. We always breathed a long sigh of relief, didn't we, when all danger of untoward happening past, the picnic train moved out of the station and we were actually off for the long-awaited outing.

And that's just the way the kiddies of the Warren district are looking forward to next Wednesday. They have been talking about that picnic for months, and planning what they are going to take along to eat, and about the games and sports they are going to have. There's going to be free lemonade at the picnic, they say, and there was a rumor around town that there was to be free ice cream, too. This latter report, however, has turned out to be a canard. We don't like to predict trouble, but we very much fear that some of those in charge of the picnic arrangements are going to have trouble explaining to the little folks that they have to pay for their ice cream cones.

Anyhow, the good wishes of all of us who aren't lucky enough to be able to go to Lewis Springs next Wednesday will be with the train that starts out at 7:30 a. m. on that day. And we sincerely hope that the weather will be all that the Arizona climate can be at its very best, and that the small excursions will have fully as good a time as they are now eagerly anticipating.

The Alpha Camp Fire girls returned last Tuesday night from a most enjoyable two-weeks outing at Ramsey Canyon. The original party that went on the camping trip under chaperonage of Miss Charlotte Meyer, Miss Margaret Watson and Mrs. Henry Pappen consisted of eleven girls, but this number was augmented during the following week by two other picnicers.

The girls lived in the open air during their outing, and the healthful and pleasurable experience was unmarred except for a couple of cases of poison ivy. Among the most enjoyable events of the holiday were a trip to Miller's Peak, and an expedition to Fort Huachuca.

The girls also had a lot of good-natured fun with some "newly-weds" who are honeymooning at the resort—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Connelly and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Van Horn being the particular victims in question.

Mrs. Pappen and Miss Watson returned to Bisbee last Sunday. Miss Bartholomew having arrived on Saturday to assist Miss Meyer in her management of the party during the rest of their stay.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian Church held a very successful social on Thursday evening last. A large crowd, consisting for the most part of the "younger set," attended, and all enjoyed the occasion very thoroughly.

A charming musical program was rendered during the early part of the evening, followed by a number of jolly games, and some very acceptable refreshments.

A very interesting event which has just been brought to the attention of the editor of this column occurred two weeks ago yesterday, June 6, when Mr. George M. Williams, an employee of the City of Bisbee and son of ex-Mayor Williams, was married to Miss Annie Rogers of San Jose, California.

The bride has been visiting in Bisbee for about six months and the wedding took place at the home of the bridegroom's parents in Tombstone Canyon. The Rev. H. L. Driscoll performed the ceremony. The young couple are now living on School Hill.

Mrs. E. A. Putnam left Bisbee yesterday morning for Buffalo, New York.

Mr. Putnam will join her August 1 for his vacation, and they will return to this city together later in the summer.

Mr. Thomas Booz, industrial secretary of the Y. M. C. A., accompanied by Mrs. Booz and children, left yesterday morning for Balboa, Panama, where Mr. Booz will enter upon his duties as General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Booz was formerly connected with Association work in the Panama before coming to Bisbee.

Their friends in the city will regret their departure, and wish them all success in their new home.

Mr. C. A. Wittig, who is spending his vacation in Los Angeles, is expected to return home some time about the first of next month.

The ladies' bowling club, which was informally organized at the Y. M. C. A. some time ago, seems to be having a very successful career. About fifteen ladies have taken up the sport with enthusiasm, and have been granted the privilege of using the Association bowling alleys on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings.

Next Tuesday evening a team of four ladies, consisting of Mrs. Tenkin, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Verfurth and Mrs. McKeel, will compete in a contest with a four-man team picked from among the masculine bowlers. Mr. Hawthorn, physical director of the Association, announces that he has not yet chosen the four stars who will appear in the glory of their sex against the rivalry of the women bowlers. The fact of the matter is, as we see it, that Mr. Hawthorn has not yet quite made up his mind just who the four doomed men will be that will sacrifice in a hopeless conflict next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Tenkin made a score of 192 last month, which is the best score made by any bowler either man or woman, at the Association during that period. The other three members of her team are stars of almost equal brilliancy. The future looks very black for those four unfortunate men who will "stand at Thermopylae" Tuesday night. When he sends them forth to doom Mr. Hawthorn will doubtless urge them to come home on their shields, since it is evidently impossible for them to come home with them.

The RETURN of TARZAN

... By ...
EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Thurman watched him on these occasions with an expression of malignant pleasure. He seemed really to enjoy the suffering of the man who, despite his just contempt for the man who helped him, had ministered to him to the best of his ability while he lay suffering the same agonies.

At last Clayton became so weak that he was no longer able to descend from the shelter. For a day he suffered for water without appealing to the Russian; but finally, unable to endure it longer, he asked Thurman to fetch him a drink.

The Russian came to the entrance to Clayton's room, a dish of water in his hand. A nasty grin contorted his features.

"Here is water," he said. "But first let me remind you that you maligned me before the girls; that you kept her to yourself and would not share her with me."

Clayton interrupted him. "Stop!" he cried. "What manner of man are you that you traduce the character of a good woman whom we believe dead? God, I was a fool ever to let you live! You are not fit to live even in this vile land!"

"Here is your water," said the Russian, "all you will get." And he raised the basin to his lips and drank. What was left he threw out upon the ground below. Then he turned and left the sick man.

Clayton rolled over and, burying his face in his arms, gave up the battle. The next day Thurman determined to set out toward the north along the coast, for he knew that eventually he must come to the habitations of civilized men. At least he could be no worse off than he was here, and that there were the ravings of the Englishman were getting on his nerves.

So he stole Clayton's spear and set off upon his journey. He would have

SHE'S HELPING MOTHER WIN RE-ELECTION



Miss Ruth Pennybacker.

Miss Ruth Pennybacker is giving her mother, Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker of Texas, effective support in her candidacy for re-election as president of the American Federation of Women's clubs, now in session at Chicago.

killed the sick man before he left had it not occurred to him that it would really have been a kindness to do so.

That same day he came to a little cabin by the beach, and his heart filled with renewed hope as he saw this evil den of the proximity of civilization, for he thought it but the outpost of a nearby settlement. Had he known to whom it belonged and that its owner was at that very moment but a few miles inland, Nicholas Rokoff would have fled the place as he would a pestilence. But he did not know, and so he remained for a few days to enjoy the security and comparative comforts of the cabin. Then he took up his northward journey once more.

In Lord Tennington's camp preparations were going forward to build permanent quarters and then to send out an expedition of a few men to the north in search of relief.

As the days had passed without bringing the longed for succor, hope that Jane Porter, Clayton and M. Thurman had been rescued began to die. No one spoke of the matter longer to Professor Porter, and he was so immersed in his scientific dreaming that he was not aware of the elapse of time.

Occasionally he would remark that within a few days they should certainly see a steamer drop anchor off their shore and that then they should all be reunited happily. Sometimes he spoke of it as a train and wondered if it were being delayed by snowstorms.

"If I didn't know the dear old fellow so well by now," Tennington remarked to Miss Strong, "I should be quite certain that he was—or not quite right, don't you know?"

"If it were not so pathetic it would be ridiculous," said the girl sadly. "I, who have known him all my life, know how he worships Jane, but to others it must seem that he is perfectly calous to her fate. It is only that he is so absolutely impractical that he cannot conceive of so real a thing as death unless nearly certain proof of it is thrust upon him."

"You'd never guess what he was about yesterday," continued Tennington. "I was coming in alone from a little hunt when I met him walking rapidly along the same trail that I was following back to camp. His hands were clasped beneath the table of his long, black coat, and his top hat was set firmly down upon his head as, with eyes bent upon the ground, he hastened on, probably to some sudden death had I not intercepted him."

"Why, where in the world are you bound, professor?" I asked him. "I am going into town, Lord Tennington," he said as seriously as possible, "to consult with the postmaster about the rural free delivery service we are suffering from here. Why, sir, I haven't had a piece of mail in weeks. There should

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Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEething

"Grandmother used it for her babies. Mother used it for her babies, and now I am using it for my baby."

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Tennington. "You yourself have set us such a splendid example of bravery, for in a way your loss has been the greatest."

"Yes," she replied, "I could have loved Jane Porter no more had she been my own sister." Tennington did not show the surprise he felt. That was not at all what he meant. He had been much with this fair daughter of Maryland since the wreck of the Lady Alice, and it had recently come to him that he had grown much more fond of her than would prove good for the peace of his mind, for he recalled almost constantly now the confidence which M. Thurman had imparted to him that he and Miss Strong were engaged. He wondered if, after all, Thurman had been quite accurate in his statement. He had never seen the slightest indication on the girl's part of more than ordinary friendliness.

"And then in M. Thurman's loss, if they are lost, you would suffer a severe bereavement," he ventured.

She looked up at him quickly. "M. Thurman had become a very dear friend," she said. "I liked him very much, though I have known him but a short time."

"Then you were not engaged to marry him?" he burst out.

"Heaven, no!" she cried. "I did not care for him at all in that way."

There was something that Lord Tennington wanted to say to Hazel Strong. He wanted very badly to say it, and to say it at once, but somehow the words stuck in his throat. He started lamely a couple of times, cleared his throat, became red in the face and finally ended by remarking that he hoped the cabin would be finished before the rainy season commenced.

But, though he did not know it, he had conveyed to the girl the very message he intended, and it left her happier than she had ever before been in all her life.

Just then further conversation was interrupted by the sight of a strange and terrible looking figure which emerged from the jungle just south of the camp. Tennington and the girl saw it at the same time. The Englishman reached for his revolver, but when the half-naked, bearded creature called his name aloud and came running toward them he dropped his hand and advanced to meet it.

None would have recognized in the filthy, emaciated creature, covered by a single garment of small skins, the immaculate M. Thurman the party had last seen upon the deck of the Lady Alice.

Before the other members of the little community were apprised of his presence Tennington and Miss Strong questioned him regarding the other occupants of the missing boat.

"They are all dead," replied Thurman. "The three sailors died before we made land. Miss Porter was carried off into the jungle by some wild animal while I was lying delirious with fever. Clayton died of the same fever but a few

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days since. And to think that all this time we have been separated by but a few miles—scarcely a day's march! It is terrible!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

How Tarzan Came Again to Opar.

HOW long Jane Porter lay in the darkness of the vault beneath the temple in the ancient city of Opar she did not know. For a time she was delirious with fever, but after this passed she commenced slowly to regain her strength. Every day the woman who brought her food beckoned to her to arise, but for many days the girl could only shake her head to indicate that she was too weak.

(To Be Continued.)

MELANCHOLY WOMEN

Women should understand that melancholy, commonly called the "Blues," is in nine times out of ten a pure symptom of some organic derangement which should have attention. For nearly forty years, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for such conditions, as proved by many testimonials which we are constantly publishing from women who have been restored to health by its use.—Adv.

Pitcher Hoff, the New York Yankee's discard, is doing flinging for John Gunzel's Rochester Hustlers.



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